



Red Lightning



👁 21 ✓ 0 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by Jayde Avalon

The Red Lightning.

That's what the news is calling the new epidemic. People have been coming down with fevers high as 110 degrees, then they go deaf and blind suddenly and unexpectedly, and then about a week after they come down with the fever, they start hemorrhaging out of their ears, noses, mouths--basically all bodily orifices--and die on the spot. They say it's extremely contagious. All of America is in a state of panic. People rush their family members to the hospital if they break 99°. Usually it's just a cold, but you never know, I guess.

I try to ignore the black drapes in my next door neighbors' windows as I step off the bus and walk to my house. My legs suddenly feel heavy--I shift my backpack and step through the front door, locking it behind me.

"Daddy," I holler from the foyer, "I'm home." I fling my backpack to the couch and wait for Daddy's response, but all I hear is silence. Somewhat panicking, I speedwalk to the breakfast nook.

Daddy is passed out and extremely pale.

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I touch his forehead. He's burning up. I'm fighting panic for real now, trying to swallow but my mouth is all of a sudden totally dry. Feels like there's a sandpaper lodged in my throat.

"Dad!"

I shake him but it's no good. He's out.

I try to call mom but she's not answering. That's okay, she's not allowed to have her phone on while she's working. Ambulance, I need an ambulance. I try to silence the little voice in my head that's telling me that most people that get the red lightning die, no matter what you do. Besides, maybe it's not red lightning. Maybe it's food poisoning or something.

I call for an ambulance but of course they can't send one. I should have known, there are too many sick now. I'll have to drive him myself. I try to drag him, but Daddy's too heavy for me.

I run out into the street, looking for help.



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